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Corridors



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Chapter 1 by Tomio Fujino

Dear Self (or whoever stumbles upon this if I die),

I finally found something to both write with and write on. I don't know why I'm here or how I got here, and I'm pretty freaked out. It's just been room after poorly lit room, one after another, filled with random junk. Well, I think it's more in the shape of a corridor, with three doors at the end of the hallway. I choose the doors at random. I've lost track as to how many rooms I've been in. Some of them have been memorable though; for the first one, it was completely clean, with a hand gun that had no bullets, and only one door. On the 16th room, I found a working lock and key, and a few bullets that don't fit the gun I have. Finally, at room 44, this room was scorched by fire and somehow had a gel pen. I'm writing my first journal entry on a partially burnt notebook. The first 8 papers have been ripped out. I'll update this as I travel through the corridors and I find something interesting. Maybe someone else will find my adventures exciting.

From,
Kenji

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